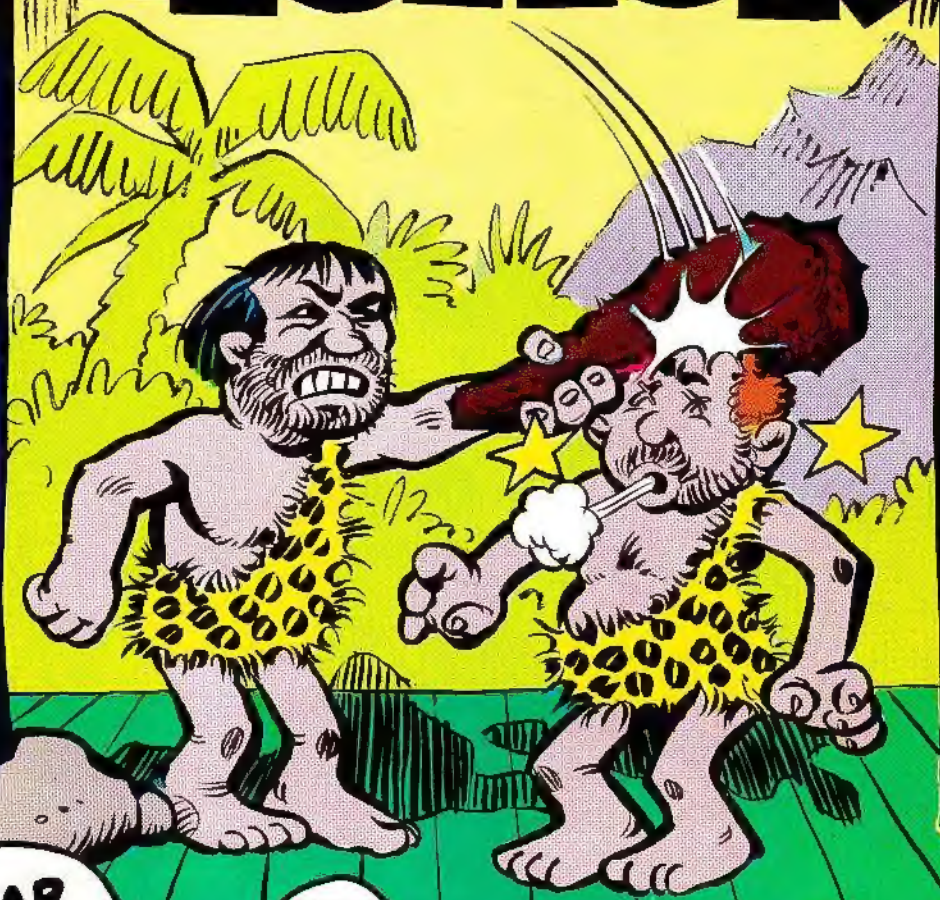


THE
PRINT
MINT

50¢

ADULTS
ONLY!

SAVAGE HUMOR



HAR
HAR
HAR!

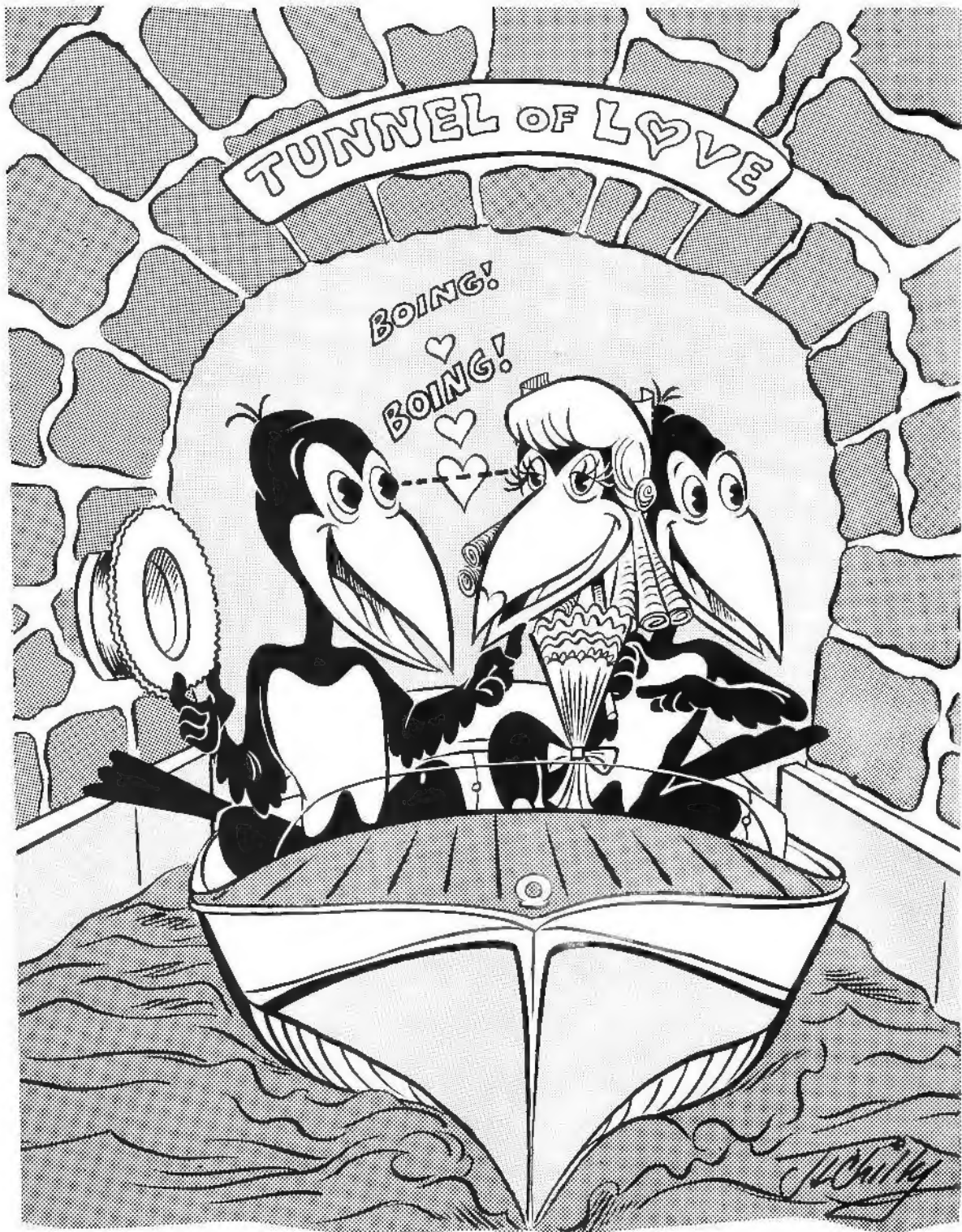
YUK
YUK!

HA
HAHA
HA!

CLAP!

CLAP!

CLAP!



SAVAGE HUMOR #1— PUBLISHED BY *THE PRINT MINT*, 830 FOLGER AVE., BERKELEY, CA. 94710. ©1973—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED!

CONTRIBUTORS: DWIGHT R. DECKER, BARKING DOG, JOHN POUND, MIKE ROYER, SCOTT SHAW, STEVE SHERMAN **EDITORS:** BARRY SIEGEL & BRUCE SIMON

CUSTOMERS IN A PORNOGRAPHIC BOOKSTORE ARE RARELY TALKATIVE. USUALLY FURTIVE SHABBY LITTLE MEN, THEY STARE AT THE FORBIDDEN LITERATURE, EACH CAUGHT UP IN THE LONELY PRISON CELL OF HIS FANTASIES....

DOUBLE MALTED!

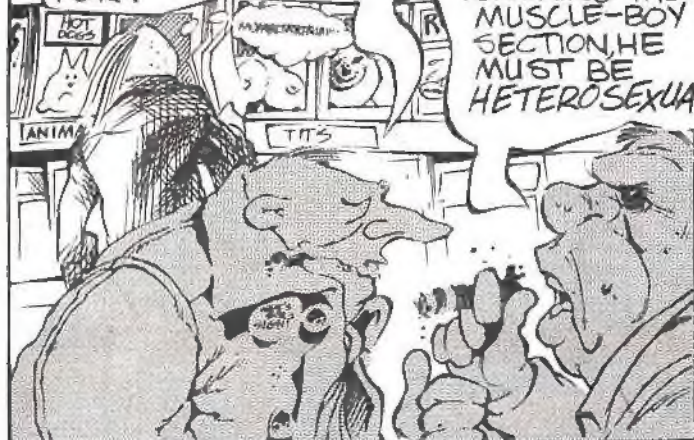


—HE'S A WIERD-LOOKING GENT... NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE, I WONDER WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR?

DUNNO, BUT SINCE HE'S IGNORING THE MUSCLE-BOY SECTION, HE MUST BE HETEROSEXUAL!

EXCUSE ME...LOOKING FOR SOMETHING I CAN HELP YOU FIND?

NO, I GUESS NOT. NO PLACE HAS WHAT I WANT.



OH, SURELY WE DO! YOU LIKE PICTURES OF NAKED GIRLS WEARING WHITE GYM SOCKS? THEN YOU WANT AN ISSUE OF "GYM SOCK IT TO YOU"!!

...OR DO YOU LIKE LOOKING UP THE DRESSES OF CHEERLEADERS? IF SO, "POM POM" IS THE ONE FOR YOU!

THESE MAGAZINES CAN BRING THE GIRLS RIGHT INTO THE POWER OF YOUR IMAGINATION, MISTER. NAME YOUR PLEASURE AND WE HAVE IT!



NO, NO YOU DON'T HAVE WHAT I WANT—I—I'VE NEVER TOLD ANYONE THIS BEFORE, BUT I'M A MILKSHAKE FETISHIST!

A WHAT?

YOU HEARD ME! I LIKE TO THINK ABOUT NAKED GIRLS DRINKING MILKSHAKES AND POURING THEM ALL OVER THEMSELVES...

AND ME LICKING IT OFF.

EVEN I'M OFFENDER



MISTER, I THOUGHT I HAD SEEN ANYTHING, BUT THAT ONE I'VE NEVER SEEN!

(SIGH) WELL THANKS ANYWAY.

WAIT A MINUTE, BUD*!

*THE LAST SHRED OF HOPE

...I'M THE MAGAZINE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THIS PLACE AND I SEEM TO REMEMBER A MAGAZINE LIKE THAT!

ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO I REMEMBER SHIPPING A MAGAZINE WITH WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR! THEY DIDN'T PRINT MANY COPIES, BUT THE MAG COST \$7.50 A COPY. IT HAD ALL YOUR MILKSHAKE BABES AND IT WAS CALLED "DOUBLE MALTED"!!

YOU CAN'T BE KIDDING! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR SOMETHING LIKE THAT FOR YEARS! IS THERE ANY PLACE I CAN GET A COPY?

WELL...

...AFTER TWO YEARS I DOUBT IT AND AS FEW PEOPLE WHO PROBABLY BOUGHT IT, I'D SAY THE ONLY PLACE YOU'D HAVE ANY CHANCE AT ALL OF GETTING IT FROM WOULD BE A CERTAIN RARE MAGAZINE AND COMIC BOOK DEALER IN NEW YORK.

THIS COULD BE IT! AS SOON AS I GET HOME I'M GOING TO WRITE THIS GUY IN NEW YORK, AND SEE IF HE HAS THAT MAGAZINE!

zoom!

OH, LORD, THIS COULD BE THE ANSWER TO MY PRAYERS! PLEASE LET ME GET AN ANSWER SOON!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT—NOTHING BUT BILLS AND JUNK MAIL! HOW MUCH LONGER MUST I GO THROUGH THIS DAY TO DAY AGONY? PERHAPS THE MAGAZINE DEALER IS GOING TO IGNORE ME, MAYBE HE NEVER GOT MY LETTER!



ONE FATEFUL DAY~

Dear Mr. Markstrong:

A search of my stock revealed that we do indeed have a copy of Double Malted. It is in excellent condition and we have laid it aside for you. If you do not confirm your intention to buy by writing within the next two weeks, we will return it to the general stock and sell it to the first comer. Unfortunately, due to the nature of this item, I can not deal in the mail. You will have to come to New York yourself and pick it up.

Waiting for your reply,

Roskoffski

AT LAST

FRANK MARKSTRONG HAD A LITTLE MONEY SAVED AND ON FRIDAY NIGHT AFTER WORK HE GRABBED THE NIGHT FLIGHT TO NEW YORK...

THIS TRIP IS COSTING ME A MINT, BUT I MUST SATISFY MY GODFORSAKEN FETISH NO MATTER WHAT THE COST, NO MATTER THAT NEW YORK IS 3,000 MILES AWAY!



...THE FLIGHT TO NEW YORK WAS A LENGTHY ONE AND AT ODD MOMENTS HE DOZED, DREAMING OF THE MAGAZINE THAT WOULD SOON BE HIS ...



...MR. MARKSTRONG WAKE UP THE PLANE HAS LANDED—WE'RE IN NEW YORK!



THE NEXT MORNING BRIGHT AND EARLY AT ROOKOFFSKI'S HOME...

-ER... I'M FRANK MARKSTRONG AND I WROTE TO YOU SEVERAL WEEKS AGO ABOUT BUYING A COPY OF "DOUBLE MALTED"!!

OH, YES, I REMEMBER!

COME INSIDE, IT'S DOWNSTAIRS!

THIS WAY— FOLLOW ME!

AH, HERE IT IS. "DOUBLE MALTED"!

AH! THIS IS IT!

I JUST GOTTA HAVE IT!

NO AIRBRUSH!

NO BLACK BARS!

SPRING!

...NOT UNTIL YOU PAY ME FOR IT.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. HOW MUCH?

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

GRAB!

MARKSTRONG NEARLY BLEW HIS LUNCH...

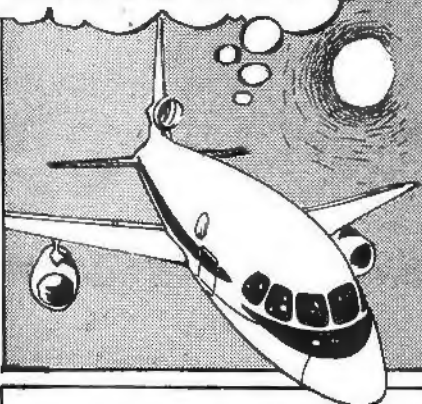
WHAT?!! TWO HUNDRED?!! THAT'S ROBBERY!

IT WAS ROBBERY WHEN THEY CHARGED \$7.50 FOR IT IN THE FIRST PLACE! THEY JUST KNEW GUYS LIKE YOU WOULD PAY IT!

LISTEN, MARKSTRONG! THIS IS PROBABLY THE ONLY COPY YOU'RE EVER GOING TO BE ABLE TO GET ANYWHERE AT ANY PRICE, AND THIS IS THE ONLY MAGAZINE THAT'S EVER BEEN PUBLISHED WITH THIS KIND OF THING IN IT. AS FEW MILKSHAKE MEN AS THERE ARE, THIS WILL PROBABLY BE THE LAST, TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

SOON FRANK WAS WINGING HIS WAY HOME...

GOD, I WISH I WAS HOME, I CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE READING MY MAGAZINE HERE!



I BETTER WALK HOME FROM THE AIRPORT—I'M SO BROKE I DON'T WANT TO RISK BUS FARE!



HMM...A PARK. I JUST GOTTA STOP AND TAKE A LOOK AT MY PRIZE!

HERE'S A BENCH.



TREMBLING WITH JOY AND EXCITEMENT, MARKSTRONG FUMBLLED OVER THE PAGES...

...THIS MODEL "TERRI MALTINE" HAS AN UNUSUALLY INTELLIGENT EXPRESSION FOR A PORNO MODEL. SHE OFFERS HERSELF SO TOTALLY, SO...



HMPH!



SUCH DISGUSTING TRASH! I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR...

YOU SHOULDN'T LOOK AT THIS FILTH!



BUT WHY?

WHAT RIGHT DID YOU HAVE?!

SOMEONE HAS TO SEE THE CITY IS A DECENT PLACE TO LIVE!



THE SHREDDED PICTURE OF TERRI MALTINE SMILED AT HIM... INVITINGLY —



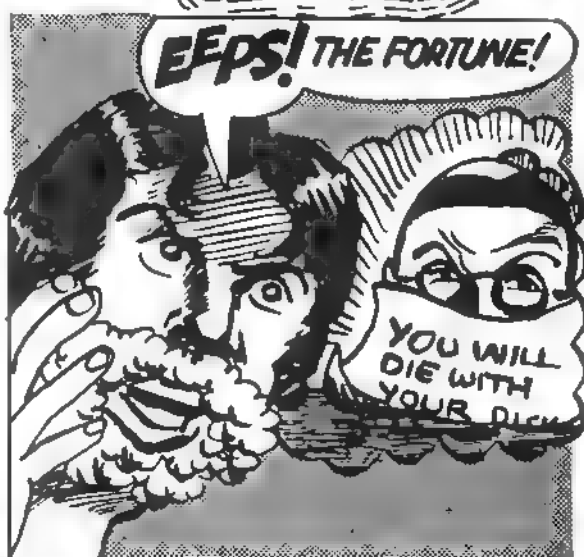
THAT'S ALL, BROTHER

CHINESE FORTUNE, MY FRAND?



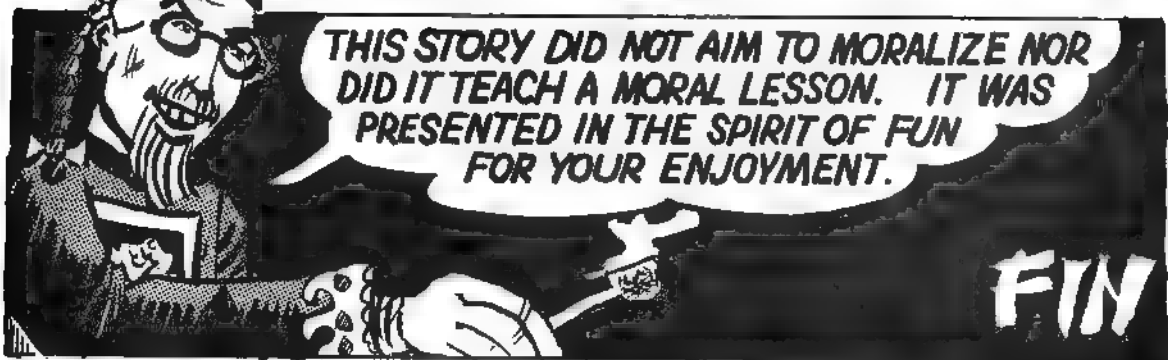
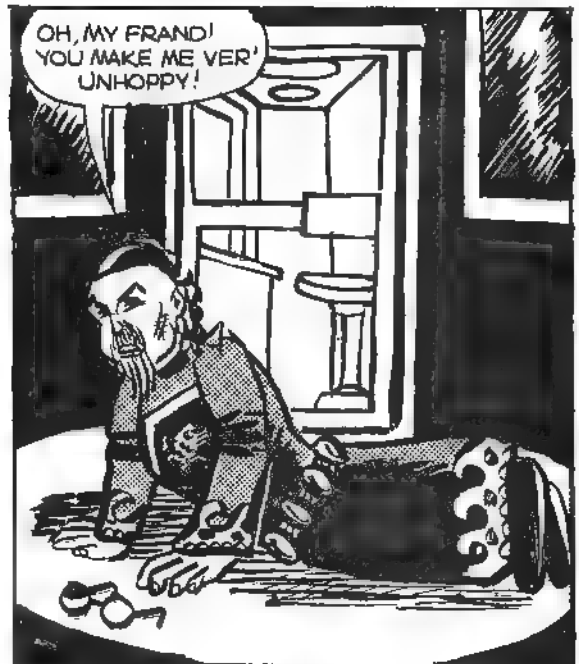












HEY, KIDS... IT'S TIME FOR THAT BIG-TIME MUTT...

BLACKWALL SIEGEL

HURRY UP,
GODDAMMIT!!

UHNG!
UHNG!

THE 6:00 NEWS
STARTS IN
FIVE MINUTES!

BOF

STORY BY
SIEGEL!

...
SCRIPT BY
SIEGEL
AND
SHAW!

...
ART BY
SHAW!

...
LETTERED BY
'DOC'
FREEDMAN!

MAIS
SI

C'EST
BIEN
SÛR

VOLTAIRE

THE SMILING PHILOSOPHER

"IF DOGS COULD TALK, WHAT ASSHOLES THEY WOULD BE!"

YOW! I'M PACKIN' SUCH A HEAVY
LOAD I CAN ALMOST TASTE
IT! JUST GOTTA MAKE IT TO
THE BATHRO--

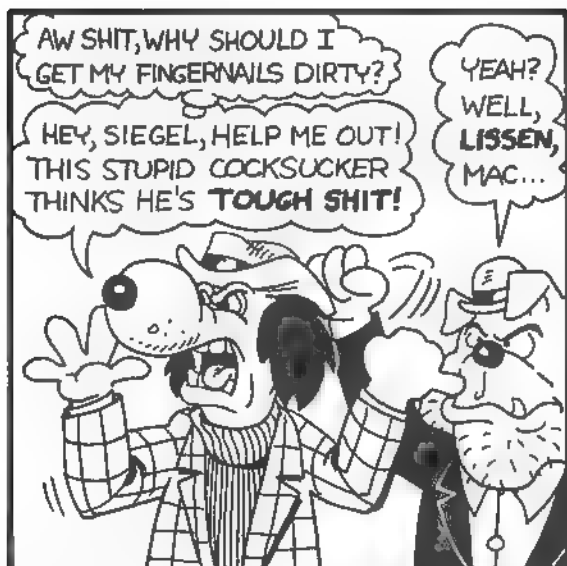
WHAT THE HELL D'YOU THINK
YOU'RE DOIN'? CLOSE THE
GODDAMN DOOR! CAN'T YOU
SEE I'M ON THE CAN??

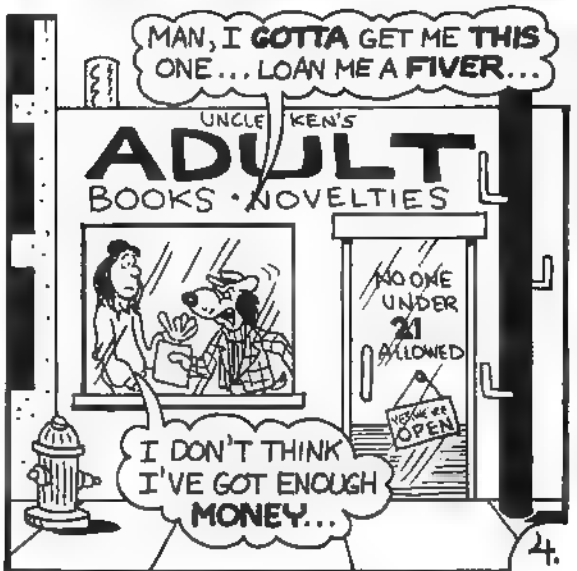
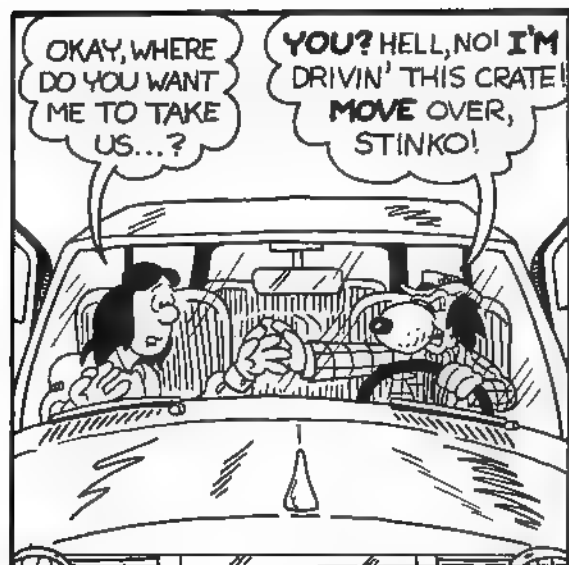
OOPS!

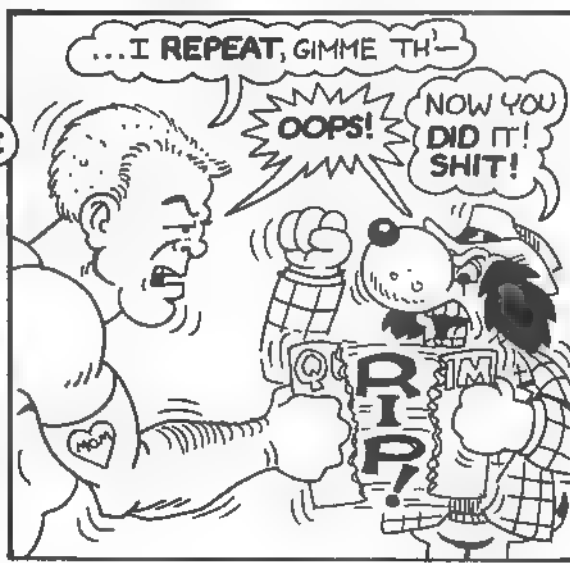
SHAW GETS IN!!

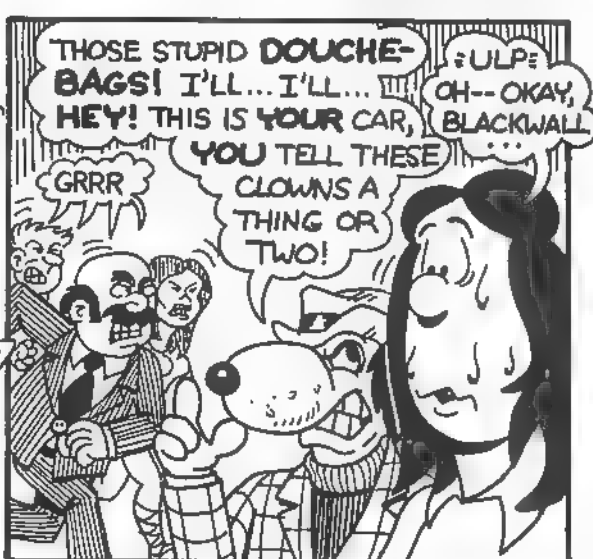
THE DAILY DORG
MAN BITES DOG
DOG SUES FOR
\$100.00











SAVAGE HUMOR
PRESENTS

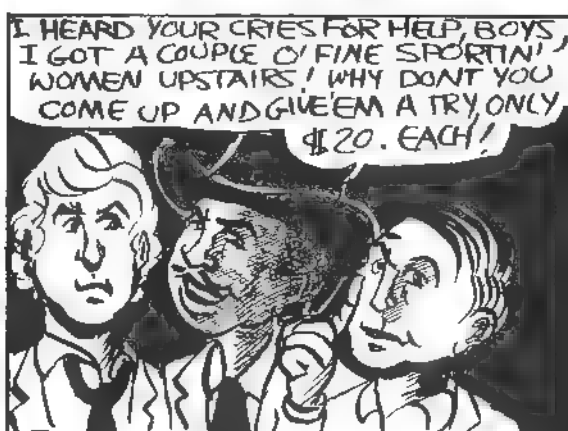
ARE PIMPS DISHONEST?

#1 IN A SERIES—
"DRUNKEN FOOLS AND
THEIR MONEY"
by SIEGEL + SAMON

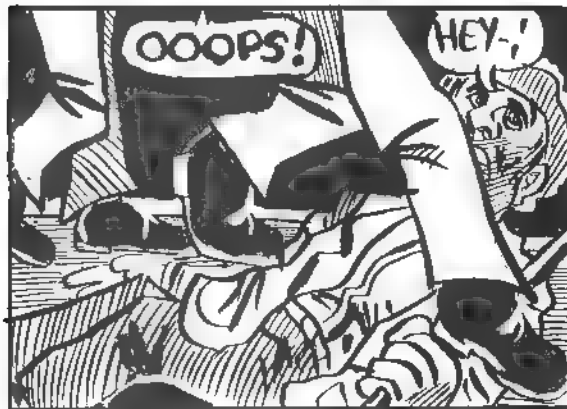
LATE ONE NIGHT IN A TAVERN—

AIN'T NOTHIN' BETTER THAN
WINE, WIMMEN N' SONG!

WELL, WE
GOT THE
WINE AND
SONG, BUT
WHERE'S TH'
WIMMEN?







THE THREE SCUZZY WHORES

IN
ARE THESE CHICKS
MESSED UP!!!



CHUCKIE AND DONNY-BOY WERE TIRED OF PRINTING MIMEOGRAPHED COMIC BOOKS, THEY WANTED TO MAKE THE BIG TIME! THEY WANTED TO PUT OUT AN UNDERGROUND COMIC AND GET PAID FOR THEIR WORK! THE JERKS! THIS IS WHY THEY LEFT THEIR PARENTS HOMES IN L.A. TO BECOME...

THE UNDERGROUND KIDS!

by STEGEL + SPIN (WHO'VE SEEN IT ALL!)



NESTLED IN THE ARMS OF CHUCKIE IS THE BOYS FUTURE; THEIR VERY OWN UNPUBLISHED UNDERGROUND COMIC! NEWLY LICENCED DONNY-BOY DRIVES WITH DETERMINATION TO ARRIVE AT BERKELEY BEFORE SUNDOWN.



THE BOYS HAD HEARD THAT SOME OF THESE COMIX PUBLISHERS PAY OVER FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A COMPLETE BOOK! THE SAPS! THEY WERE ALREADY COUNTING THE MONEY!



IT'S NOT OFTEN A COUPLE OF SUCKERS LIKE THESE COME ALONG, COME, LETS LOOK IN ON THESE BOYS AND SHARE THE LAUGHS!

BOY-OH-BOY! WE FINALLY MADE IT! WE'RE GONNA BE RICH! I CANT WAIT TO GO TO FRISCO AND EAT AT ONE OF THOSE CHINESE RESTAURANTS!



WELL, I'M GOING TO GET LAID!

GET LAID, HE SAYS! WHAT WOULD HIS MOTHER SAY IF SHE HEARD HER BOY SAY THAT!

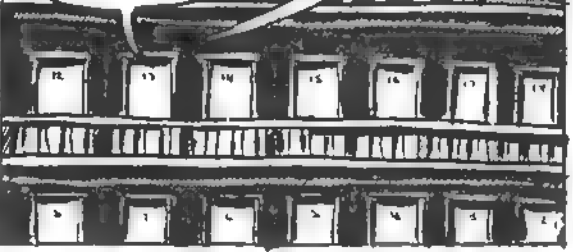
THAT NIGHT...

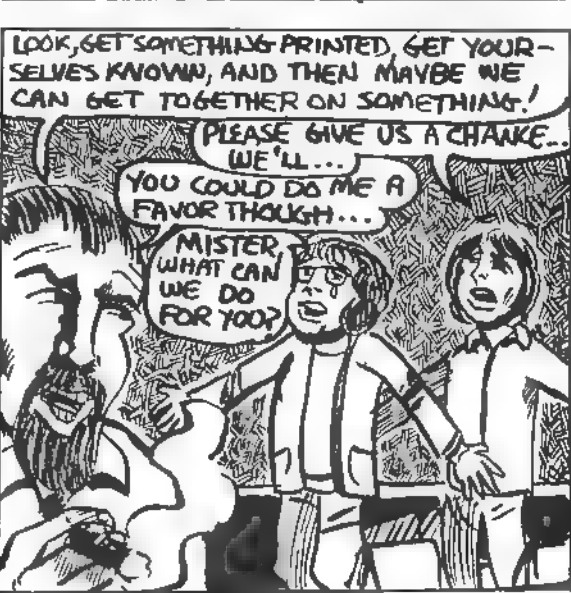
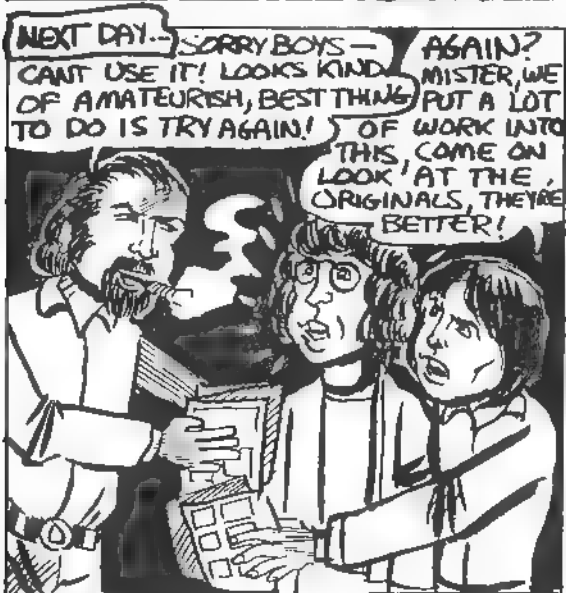
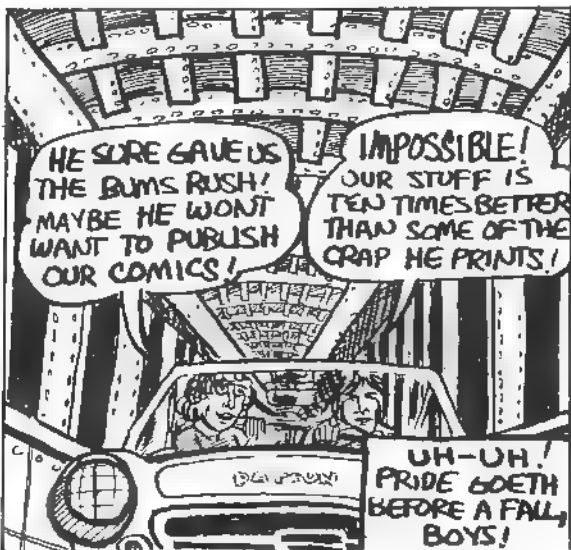
SLEEP

LODGE
TV IN EVERY ROOM
HEATED POOL
SAUNA
TOILETS

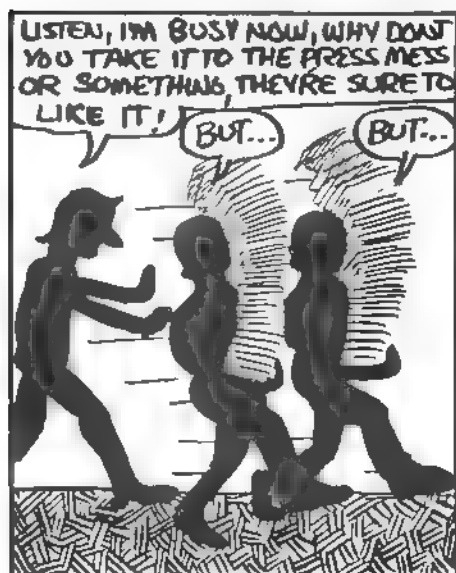
HEY! LETS NOT GO TO SLEEP AFTER JOHNNY CARSON! LETS WATCH T.V. ALL NIGHT!

THIS IS THE LIFE!



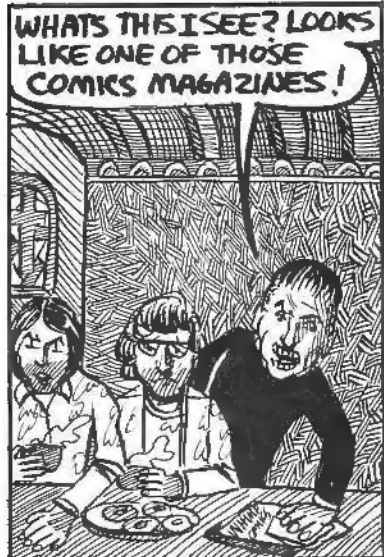
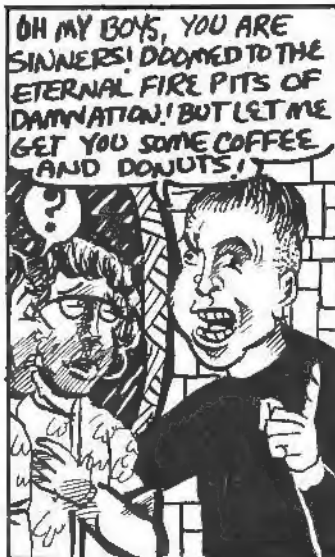








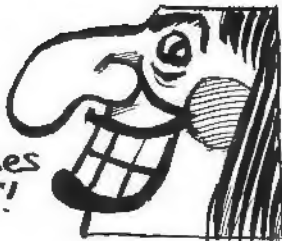




Boof Mr. Punch

-traditional
nursery
rhyme-

-discusses
YEAST!



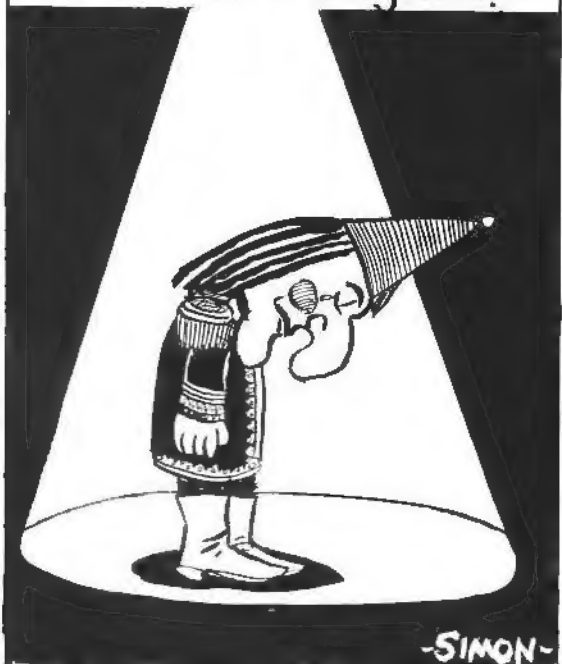
"I never eat cupcakes 'cause
cupcakes have yeast—



—and eating of yeast turns
a man to a beast—



Can you think of anything
thats more a disgrace?—



-SIMON-

—Then a man in the gutter
with crumbs on his face!"



MASTER CRIMINALOGIST
"SLICK" SHLONGMAN
SAYS:

IF YOU CAN ANSWER 2
SIMPLE QUESTIONS, YOU
TOO CAN BECOME A ...

MASTER DETECTIVE!

WHO IS THIS MAN?



WHAT *CRIME* IS BEING COMMIT-
TED IN THIS *MAGNIFIED* CLOSE-
UP?



ANY HALF-WIT CAN BE
A *DETECTIVE*!!!

SEND YOUR SIMPLE ANSWERS TO
SAVAGE HUMOR
9300 KIRKSIDE RD.
LOS ANGELES, CA. 90035
HAPPY HUNTING, CRIME-STOPPERS!

EUGENE
HACKMORE '72